THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, November* 7, 1807. [No. 3.

ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER,

No. 104.

THE Wanderer has received from an old correspondent, the following observations on, and examples of ridicule, and is indeed willing to acknowledge, it is commonly a stronger and better method of attacking vice, than the severer kind of satire. And when care is taken, that a moral purpose is to be answered by the introduction of it; when the entertaining and beneficial are combined, it is highly advantageous to society. But pleasantry, which is intended merely to excite risibility, without conveying instruction, reduces the writer to the rank of a buffoon. *Rabelais*, according to Fielding, was one of this cast, for his design seemed very plainly to be to ridicule all sobriety, modesty and decency, out of the world. Nothing is ridiculous, the contempt of which is ridiculous. The Wanderer receives this communication with pleasure.

TO THE WANDERER.

SIR,

THERE are some vices, which can only be effectually routed by ridicule, as there are others, which can only be discountenanced by gravity. Those persons who, from the redundancy of their moral feelings, consider it a stain upon human nature, that truth should require so unworthy an auxiliary as ridicule, should be silenced by the reflection, that though it has sometimes been instrumental to injure, it has at other times been rendered subservient to virtue; that, to treat with seriousness some of the follies of mankind would be not only absurd, but ineffectual; and that the possibility of touching with gravity things in their nature contemptible, is no evidence that lively expedients are not still more efficacious; but rather evinces the incompetency of such means for the end proposed, by the very necessity, which exists, of advancing proof, which after all, can only maintain a possibility—The ponderous labour of the corrector, bears no relation to the weakness of the folly. To overthrow extravagancy by stern morality, is like rooting out a fragile weed with the hand of Hercules. Besides, it is this disproportion which renders the act useless; attempt to destroy an insect by crushing it with a rock, and it will probably escape unhurt in the cavities of the very body, which threatened its destruction. Follies of the lighter kind must be laughed into disrepect, if they cannot be frowned into discontinuance.

In thus maintaining the efficiency of ridicule, I may in some degree counteract the opinions of rigid

morality, and contradict the notions of that correctness of feeling, which always demands respect. But the rigidity of virtue, which contemns the use of unworthy means to obtain illustrious ends, may in some cases be too severe. True virtue consists in the motive. Such means are most to be preferred which will promote with the least injury to society the contemplated reform. If it be primarily necessary to assail the vice, that method of assault must be resorted to, that will most effectually destroy it. If seriousness have no effect, ridicule may be attempted, as the physician, when every other prescription fails, may have recourse to amputation or mercury. We subscribe to the opinion of the poet, that,

Since there are no other, these means are just,
Illustrious, from the purpose they pursue.

Though the right of satire has sometimes been disputed, its beneficial effects have never been denied. At least its instrumentality in checking the progress of folly and arresting the excursions of extravagance, must be admitted by all who have made scrutinizing observations on that bias in mankind to feel more hurt by an insinuation artfully introduced, than by defiance openly avowed; to be more vulnerable in a particular ruling passion, than in any general feeling or disposition of the character.

This train of thinking arose in my mind, from reflecting one day on the frivolous propensities, the insignificant pursuits, and the trifling behaviour of some persons of my acquaintance, whose characters can only be rendered more ridiculous by setting off their follies in brighter colours, and extending into caricature, what they vainly expect will elude the penetration of critical judgment, because it deceives the scrutiny of common observation. Seated in my easy-chair, considering how this desirable effect could most easily and least offensively be produced, I continued my thought until I became utterly regardless of the objects which surrounded me. My candle grew dim, and I insensibly fell into a gentle slumber, from which the call of the watchman, at the hour of two, suddenly awakened me.

In my dream I travelled into the country of a magician, who at my request, conjured up the shapes of all those persons with whose disposition I had a desire to become acquainted. After gathering them into a large room, fitted up for a masquerade, instead of permitting them to assume what characters they pleased, I thought by the might of his art, they underwent a transformation of an entirely different nature. They were robed in garments, corresponding to their real character, each individual appeared as he truly was, every vice and virtue he possessed were somewhere or other displayed on his exteriour; and the general effect was to place me in the midst of a company of entire strangers, instead of my old acquaintances, whom I fruitlessly endeavoured to recognise. The magician perceiving the difficulty under which I laboured, caused a label, invisible to every one but him and myself, to appear just above the head of each person in the company, on which his name was inscribed. Finding now no impediment to my observations, I took a commodious stand, where the whole company passed in review before me. Notwithstanding the general effect of the transformation was to disguise my acquaintances, they were not very dissimilar in appearance from one another.

Numberless were the figures characterised by the cap of folly, the cup of inebriety, and the hue of dissipation; but a few only appeared conspicuously different from the rest by any single trait of character.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

No. 2.

OF all Shakspeare's Dramas, the one most generally admired, is the Tragedy of "HAMLET." Royal villainy, feint madness, and distracted beauty, interest and agitate successively the listening audience. We detest the king, love the prince, and pity Ophelia. The transition into these various and seemingly opposite passions, keeps the soul in constant struggle, and when nearly overcome by the violent, it is saved by the tranquil, or relieved by the tender. When they, all at once, take possession of the heart, each counteracts the extremes of the other, and the whole is a gentle dejection. We feel flattered by the consciousness of indignation at crime, admiration for virtue, and sympathy for suffering, and are in love with the poet for making us thus pleased with ourselves. Modern taste may denounce this production, as betraying in its author a sanguinary spirit. Such bloodshed was unnecessary to lead captive the passions. But though seven deaths occur in this play, six of them violent, it still keeps its place on the stage, and maintains its sway over popular favour. The character of Hamlet is itself the most agreeable compound of human invention that was ever presented by the Dramatist to human contemplation. Since Professor Richardson has embodied the true conception of this character, and given it "local habitation" in his admirable essays on the principal characters of Shakspeare, we are in little danger of beholding the rules of propriety violated in its personation, by those, who pretend to perform it. Among these is Mr. Fennell, who never makes pretensions, but when they are rightful, and whose success is in consequence, if not admirable, at least always respectable. His appearance in this arduous part, excited curiosity and interest. Attention witnessed his performance without fatigue, and might have done this of the semblance of verbal contradiction be pardonable, "*until his eye-lids could no longer wag.*" The personation was at least thus far *natural* Good and ill were intermingled. There were scenes, that realised hopes, and others, that failed of effect.

The words addressed to Polonius on the question, "*Wilt thou walk out of the air, my lord?*"—"*Into my grave,*" were given with such frigid indifference, that the point was lost. Though Mr. Fennell judiciously uttered them as an answer to Polonius' question, and not as a new interrogation, as they are marked in many editions, yet from want of a pause between the question and reply, and a swell of the voice on the first syllable, they passed off without impression, as if they had formed one among the least significant sentences of Shakspeare. Epigrammatic replies, unless sallies of lively wit, generally strike more, when uttered after a momentary pause. Mr. F. seemed to feel this afterwards in the Stage scene. When Ophelia observed of the Prologue, "*'Tis brief, my lord,*"—"*As woman's love,*" was given by Mr. F. after a momentary silence, in a manner very similar to what we conceive would have given additional force to the other strikingly epigrammatic reply.

Judgment may be as forcibly displayed in pauses, as in any refinement in the art of delivery. In another scene with Polonius, "*For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,*" the meaning of the *last bold thought* was so far from being conveyed by Mr. F. that he uttered the sentence, as if god and kissing were connected by a *hyphen*. The pause should be somewhat long between these words, to make the sense strike. So, afterwads, in answer to Guildenstern's question, "What shall we say, my lord?" "*Any thing—but to the purpose,*" was uttered as if the sense was; you may say any thing but what is to the purpose. "*Any thing,*" and then returning from the digression—"*but to the purpose.* You were sent for." A slight pause would have made this obvious. We hazard these remarks, because we know how correct are a scholar's conceptions, and wish them not to be weakened by inadequate expressions. In the stage scene, however, was a flash of judgment. We believe it *original.* In answer to the king, "What do you call the play?"—It is the image of a MURDER—(pauses, the king starts then indifferently, with a sort of *nonchalance,*)—done in Vienna. Gonzago is the Duke's name, &c. He gave new point to

the sentence, by the dexterous introduction of a single pause.

In the suicide soliloquy, Mr. F. was inaccurate in the text. He gave the first line thus,

"To be or not to be. *That's* the question"—so as to make the line inconsistent with that peculiar deliberateness, with which a man would naturally express his ruminations on so awful a subject. This is too great a sacrifice for the object of completing the *hexameter*, and would better become a poet, than an actor. He pronounced the second line,

" Whether 'tis nobler for the mind to *bear*," instead of " *suffer*." This may admit the same apology, but is at best a wretched excuse. He gave *That's* the respect, for " *There's* the respect."

There was afterwards an egregious misrecital, which, lest it should have been a lapse of memory, and not of tongue merely, we feel bound to point out.

Instead of saying,

" *When* he himself *might* his quietus make
" With a bare bodkin."

He gave,

If he himself *could* his quietus make
With a bare bodkin;

Making certainty doubt, and evidently weakening, if not destroying the idea of Shakspeare.

There were many other inaccuracies in the text, in which however, Mr. F. *remembered* to *forget*, and *noticed* to *disregard*. It was correctness " *more honoured in the breach*, than *in the observance*." We shall copy Mr. Fennell's delicacy, and abstain from designation.

But *plura nitent—paucis maculis*. The passage," I have heard, that guilty creatures sitting at a play," when the thought first occurs to Hamlet, of what use could be made of the players, we never knew more strongly marked. It took universally. The bye-play at the appearance of the Ghost in the Closet scene was great, and prostration at the spot of his disappearance is apt. The Closet scene was not the chef d'œuvre. Generally the tender parts of the character were exhibited with least fidelity. The " nunnery" interview with Ophelia should perhaps be excepted.

The directions to the players we have heard better spoken; the suicide soliloquy, notwithstanding our exceptions, never. The *pipe incident* was well managed. But the whole scene at the grave, from the reflections on Yorick's scull to the struggle with Laertes, was tame. On the whole, Mr. Fennell's personation of " Hamlet," was highly honuorable to the tragedian's talents.

Mr. Usher played well in Laertes, but on his first entrance, mistook clamour for vehemence. He *split the ears*, not of *the groundlings merely*, but of the whole house.

Mr. Bernard justified Dr. Johnson's remark, and in him the grave digger himself might have been heard with applause. But he stripped off so many jackets, he seemed conscious of what he deserved, and made ready for whipping.

Mrs. Poe was considerably moved at being sent by a lover to a nunnery. She did justice to the scene. But distraction gave her interest and credit.

Mr. Cromwell we refer to that passage in Shakspeare, where he and ambition are called by name.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE GREAT BANDIT.

In this world of novelty and wonder, people must be treated with various dishes variously served up, or the caterer will experience the doleful effect of his negligence, in his want of customers. Just so it is with the manager of a theatre; who must be constantly providing new dishes, or redressing old ones. And this we think is the reason why the great Bandit, was so minced up on Monday evening, and laid before the audience in a new shape. It contained much meat of the marvellous, which is greedily swallowed by the Bostonians; a spice of fustian, and a garnish of obscurity, and of course was well suited to the palates of our gentlemen and ladies of *haut gout*. The managers were determined to do the thing handsomely, and they took the play to pieces with all the skill of *clare-market*; they made up a dish of it out of scraps and remnants, which bore none of the taste of the original production. Thus far they succeeded to their utmost hope; and now the difficulty was to persuade the gentlemen who were to feed the public with it, to add their exertions to make it go down in that shape.

The first idea which struck them, was the *title* of the play, and in order to make all things conform, they gave to *Fennell* the part of the *Great Bandit*, and a *great* bandit he was. He seconded the managers here, with great skill and dexterity. They rec-

dlected Gulliver in Lilliput; and by suffering none other to approach Fennell, but the dwarfs of the green room, made him the *man-mountain* among his brother performers. He, on the other hand, proportionably increased his dimensions, and with the assistance of a *fur-cap* of "three feet perpendicular height," raised his form so high, that "*distant wonder gaz'd.*" The pigmies about him, ran round his legs, as if intending a lodgment in his boots; while the *fur-head* of the *Bandit*, far-off, exhibited a *bearded comet*, to the astonished gaze of the tiny mortality which surrounded him. Thus prepared for the encounter, all was as it should be. The next thing was to conclude how this huge body should deport itself. Mr. Fennell being a scholar, was probably acquainted with the proposition, that "*heavy bodies move slower than light ones*," and he assumed a dull, inactive, sluggish manner, which he never would have done, but for the illustration of some such principle, and which, as he most effectually did illustrate it, amused us exceedingly. We are of those who hate exceptions from universal rules But bearing this principle in mind, we are rather surprised at his performing in *so just and agreeable a manner, in his personation of Flodoardo*, and can only account for it in two ways That, in that character, he had given up his great fur-cap, and therefore was relieved from the weight of it: or that, he was conscious the Rosamunda of the evening deserved an *Adonis*.

To render all the parts of this performance as consistent as possible, with each other, the managers called a cabinet council, and entered into solemn deliberations. Here it was agreed to persuade Fennell to adopt this new style of exhibition. *Dickenson* concluded to give up one of his best characters to *Serson*, who would naturally murder it, to cast *Cromwell* to one of the first conspirators, because he had constantly a threatening shake of the head, which is the very mark of a conspirator, to persuade *Fox* to make Memmo an outrageous *caricature*, which, *as it is his style*, he was ready enough to do, and to induce *Poe* to perform with spirit, as a contrast to his uniform manner. By combining these circumstances, they thought the play would be a great *novelty*; and that the public would think them changed for the better. How well they carried this plan into operation, we shall soon see. It is necessary to observe, however, that Mr. Fennell, Mr. Usher, and Mrs. Poe must have displeased the council by not going all lengths; tho' Dykes and Turnbull were not found wanting.

Dickenson relinquished his part to *Serson*, who aimed a blow at the character, which nearly decided its fate in the first act. This was through the instrumentality of a Scotchman named *Brogue*, who, together with an Irishman of the same name, has a deadly enmity to the English Language. Had Brogue however failed of success, Mr. *Serson* had a wonderful band of imperfections as a *corps de reserve*. And what with bad memory, bad grammar, bad pronunciation, bad action, and bad costume, the character was completely beaten, routed, and cut up, without its preserving a single sentence, to denote its original formation. It was mutilated like an *Indian sacrifice*, or the prisoner of a *Calmuc Tartar*.

The managers, so successful in the performance of Mr. Serson, had quite as much cause of congratulation in that of Mr. Cromwell. His formidable shake of the head was continually threatening an explosion; and the audience might not have been disappointed, had "*there been any thing in it.*" It shook; but he failed of tempering it to any utterance of harmony. He did all the managers could desire, he strutted about the stage in all the self-sufficiency of an executioner, who on the day he officiates legally to commit murder, is the most important man in the state. Mr. Cromwell acted in this capacity for the managers.

As to Mr. Fox, he had his cue, and little Memmo, was but a mouthful, in the *quantum* of his absurdity. He had extravagancies enough to have killed a dozen such. The phrase "*as cunning as a Fox*," was given with the most charming success. And how could it be otherwise; he clapped his finger on one side of his nose in a most whimsical manner, and tossed his head, and lifted his left leg, all at the same moment, to the complete satisfaction and delight of the judicious part of the audience.

The managers' design was thus very generally accomplished; they completely changed the appearance *of the Great* Bandit; and made it a *sublime novelty*, and we hope the town may be *appraised* of their intentions, when they undertake to alter any other production in a similar manner, as they will then be prepared to grant them that generous encouragement, which is deserved by such sedulous endeavours.

THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

THE MODERN GENTLEMAN.

THE following description of upstart gentility may be very fairly applied to the fashion of this country.

" There are men neither liberally born nor educated, yet parade and figure in the shape of *gentlemen*. I heard one of these *pieces of mechanism*, observe, with much affectation, that *his* misfortune was to *have a taste* ; that this misfortune had been increased, by keeping too much *good company*, and seeing too much of life *upon the large scale* ; and that what still added to his expences, were the obligations he lay under to cultivate the *little people* (so this upstart called them) about his villa. Now, who do you think this extraordinary person was ? I will tell you.

" He was the son of a milkman in low life, who, by cow-keeping, the help of his milk-cart, and his own cheating disposition, had scraped together enough to leave him independent of trade ; but who, retaining the spirit and manners of his original meanness, which is often the case with those who rise to sudden riches, gave him no education above that of the vulgar. Coming however to his inheritance, he determined to be a *gentleman* ; and, first he applied to *Brooks* our taylor of prime and fashionable *goût*, who made him at once a *gentleman* in dress : which, by the way, is no small advance ; for this, with the *æs triplex frontis*, that " front of threefold brass," in which this pupil was singularly happy, will procure admission to the first characters in the nation, and *no questions asked*. Then he applied to tradesmen, manufacturers, artists : who, from their several departments, made him a *gentleman* in houses, furniture, and apparatus of every kind : and then he got the whole bespangled with pictures and *virtú*.—I had almost forgot to mention, what is a very capital article in the construction of these *new* gentlemen ; and that is, a library. For this he went to auctions of books, governed himself by the opinion of book-venders, applied to ——, and he made him a *gentleman* in regard to books. —— talked to him of original standard authors, which he *must not be without*; of rare and curious copies, in the finest preservation, and most elegant bindings : and thus at length furnished him with a collection, in all languages, of far from inconsiderable value. They might, if properly painted, as well have been of wood ; for their possessor had no more pretensions to learning, than he had to taste,—or than a mere observer of rites and ceremonies has to religion. In short, he knew no language but his own ; and that no better than the woman who swept his rooms.

Did not I rightly call this ape of elegance and magnificence a *piece of mechanism ?* and are not many *fine gentlemen* thus *mechanically* formed ?

> Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
> Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats.

To be sure : the artists furnish the taste, as well as the object of it. Mean while, this destination of men to situations and objects, for which they are unfit, is no small detriment as well as nuisance to society. Many of these *fine gentlemen*, who are at least useless burdens to the earth they encumber, might have done good service in the menial offices and arts of life. The only service they do, under this forced and unnatural character, is the transferring of property, which by prodigality they

sometimes abuse, into the hands of men, who may rightly use it ; and thus justifying Providence, whose ways are constantly to educe good from evil.

I consider coxcombry in books, as contemptible as that in dress ; an overweening attention to either betrays a little mind. When I hear a man expressing his criticisms about the elegant binding of the volume, the splendid typography, the wire-wove, hot-pressed paper, on which the work is impressed, and other minutiæ, I set him down at once, as a mechanical man of letters.

Lucian considered this taste for book-buying, as so sure a symptom of an illiterate fellow, that he joins the two characters together. These book-gentry should seem to think, like the man who bought Orpheus's harp, that it would make admirable music of itself, without any skill or knowledge in a performer ; or him, who purchased Epictetus's lamp at a vast sum, in hopes of having with it Epictetus's wisdom ; or, lastly, like those wild Indians, who believe that they inherit not only the spoils, but the abilities of any great enemy, they have the luck to kill. *Lucian.* Πρὸς Ἀπαίδευτον.

The greatest inventions, says Swift, were produced in times of ignorance ; as the use of the compass, gun-powder, and printing ; and by the dullest nation, as the Germans.

The *Cameleon*, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, hath of all animals the nimblest tongue.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with regard to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

It is unwise to punish cowards with ignominy ; for if they had regarded that, they would not have been cowards ; death is their proper punishment, because they fear it most.

Fools by profession, or (as they have sometimes been called) jesters, were formerly of great account. Cardinal Wolsey, in 1529, presented his to Henry VIII. as a token of grateful and affectionate regard ; as did Sir Thomas More his, upon resigning the seals in 1532, to the Lord Mayor of London and his successors in office.

Angeli was a *fool* of this sort in France. He had been a follower of the great Condé, and was given by him to the king ; yet was far from wanting wit. He was once some time in company, before he began to play *the fool* : when, M. de Bautru (who was the wit of the court) entering, " I am glad," says he, " you are come ; I was afraid I should have been alone."

By his address in pleasing some, and in awing others, he made them all tributaries ; and amassed so much money, that M. de Marigni said, " Of all the fools who had followed Monsieur the prince, Angeli was the only one who had made his fortune." Boileau's starved poet complains, that Angeli in preferment outstripped all competitors, of what merit soever :

Et l'Esprit le plus beau, l'auteur le plus poli,
N'y parviendra jamais au sort de l'Angeli.

There was a jester among the household of Charles I. who was brought before the council, and with much solemnity discarded from court, for pointing his raillery at archbishop Laud ; but many knowing ones have thought, that, if the king had discarded the archbishop instead of the jester, his affairs might have ended better than they did.

A TRAVELLER.

Thomas Coryate, who lived during the reign of king James the first, was a pedestrian traveller, under circumstances and appearances that occasioned him to be considered as little better than a mendicant, in many of the countries he visited. He travelled through part of France and Savoy, and then proceeded to Asia, where he remained several months. When he returned home he published his travels, intitled, very singularly, "*Crudities gobbled up.*" Being self-conceited, pedantic, and vulgar, he was the butt of all the wits of the time. Sir John Harrington, Inigo Jones, Epigram Owen, called by his cotemporaries, Little Owen, Dr Donne, Michael Drayton, and others, puffed up his vanity by overstrained compliments and ridiculous panegyric; but he, without perceiving the joke that the rogues were running upon him, with all the solemnity of conceit, swallowed their flatteries with gluttony.

Coryate was thus memorialized by his old friend Taylor, a punster as well as a poet.

He was a Babel of confused tongues,
All the world's language unto him belongs.
Unto what place so ever he did walk,
He did lose nothing for the want of talk;
For he could kiss his hand, and make a leg,
And cunningly in any language beg.
His rags oft sav'd the cutting of his throat,
No thief could ever rob him of a groat.
Each kitchen where he came, he had a cook,
And eke a butler in each running brook.
In all the world he saw whatever strange is,
Tigris, Euphrates, and the river Ganges,
If Jews thought thee a Gentile, they were mad,
Thou ever wert of the true tribe of *Gad.*
Paul's church-yard now is fill'd with melancholy,
For want of thee, thy learning and thy folly.
Hadst thou but liv'd, thou in a merry Q.
Hadst seen Ameri K. and eke Peru.
Still might thy volumes with thy travels swell,
Thy famering louder, than St. Pulcher's bell;
And Odcome thou might much more money get,
Than Mecca gains by frauds of Mahomet.
So Coryate wrote, that still it was his lot,
Men lik'd it, though they understood it not.
And he who dares deny thy fame in Europe,
I wish he may be hang'd up in a new rope:
O valiant Hector, noble son of Priam,
I wish thou wert alive and drunk as I am.

The present age, says a very acute writer, has manifested an uncommon relish for all such reading as never was read.—Alluding to the miscellanies, or voluminous collections of *every thing*, which daily come forth, he compares them to the tree of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, in which was *meat for all*; and as this meat, says he, is of light digestion; or rather, as it is found to pass off easily without admitting or requiring any digestion at all, an inexhaustible fund may be necessary to feed, though it cannot satisfy, an unfashionable curiosity.

EDMUND BURKE.

This luminary in the hemisphere of science, shone with a brilliancy unextinguished by the black clouds of opposition, and undimmed by the vapours of intrigue. His eloquence, spontaneous and rapid, hurried away every impediment, to its progress. His youth formed no obstruction to his talents; he burst asunder the fetters of time, with all the hardihood of gigantic superiority. He was a tree which bore at the same time the blossom and the fruit. Some of the sublimest passages in the language, were the immediate offspring of his imagination, which, forever excursive, held its flight through the regions of every art and science.

His account of the disturbances which took place in Wales, on the

appointment of Mr. Probart, to improve the crown rents of that principality, is a picturesque and well drawn sketch : " He went, like his masters on other occasions, to seek revenue, and, like them, he found rebellion : he was no sooner arrived, than all were in arms to meet him ; tumult, alarm, and uproar, were heard through the region of Prestatyn, Snowdon shook to its base, and Cader Edris was loosened from its foundation ; the Fury of Discord blew her horn on the mountains, the rocks poured down their goat-herds, and deep caverns vomited out their miners, every thing above ground and every thing under ground was convulsed."

The Castle Spectre the first season of its appearance, in the theatrical phrase, had a great run. Mr. Lewis, the author, had a dispute with R. B. Sheridan, which growing warm, Mr. Lewis offered to bet the whole produce of his play, to prove the correctness of his opinion. I can't afford to bet so much, says Sheridan ; but I'll tell you what I will do, *I'll bet you all its worth.* The character which gained the most applause in this play, never utters a word.

TWO SIDES.

After Cromwell's first coinage, an old adherent of the royal party seeing one of the new pieces having on one side the inscription Deus nobis cum—God with us ; and on the other the arms of the Republic of England, said, " it may be seen by this, that God and the Republic are not on one side."

PUN UPON PUN.

Two Oxonians dining together, one of them noticing a *spot of grease* on the neckcloth of his companion, said, " I see you are a *Grecian.*"—" Pooh !" said the other, " that's a stale pun."—" No, indeed," says the punster, " I made it on the *spot.*"

BAD IMITATION.

When Garrick was in France, he attended the performances of a famous French comedian. This person one day attempted the character of a drunken man. " Sir," says the English Roscius, " the man cannot stagger, his *legs are sober.*" How well Garrick was qualified to criticise on this subject, his fame in acting Sir John Brute amply testifies.

APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

A fop introducing his friend, a plain man, into company, said, " Gentlemen, I'll assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems." " No," replied the gentleman, "that is the difference between me and my friend."

TO A DISINTERESTED SPENDTHRIFT.

BY DR. DONNE.

Thy father all from thee by his last will
Gave to the poor. Thou hast good title still.

AN EMBARRASSMENT.

Notwithstanding lord Rochester was the most debauched and imprudent nobleman of his time, and though he had even exhibited as a mountebank on Tower hill, yet he had not confidence enough to speak in the House of Peers. One day, making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this *mauvaise honte*—"My lords and gentlemen, I rise this time—My lords and gentlemen, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—My lords and gentlemen, *if ever I attempt to branch in this house again, I'll give you leave to*

cut me off root and branch for ever."— And he sat down.

THE RESERVE.

A gentleman shewing his friend his curiosities of pictures, &c. in his gallery, on the other praising them all very much, he gave him a choice of any one of them as a present.— The stranger fixed his election on a tablet, in which the ten commandments were written in letters of gold. "You must excuse me there," replied the gentleman, "Those I am *bound* to *keep*."

TRIAL OF WIT.

A person abusing another to Churchill, said he was so insufferably dull, that if you said a good thing he did not understand it. "Pray, Sir," said Churchill, "*did you ever try him ?*"

THE REBUKE.

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury-lane theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth ; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box where he sat, were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him : the disturbance continued until the end of the act ; when the Doctor turning about with great contempt, cried, "Pshaw, Sir, how can you be so mistaken ? *Your place* is in the *shilling gallery*."

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

THE LANDSDOWN MANUSCRIPTS.

This valuable collection of ancient records is about to be added to the treasures of the British Museum. The House of Commons has voted the sum of 4,925*l.* to the executors of the late Marquis of Landsdown, as the price of these manuscripts.

REMBRANDT.

The name of *Rembrandt* is dear to all who are in the least acquainted with the fine arts. The description of his chef d' œuvre, the "woman taken in adultery," will afford some amusement to the curious. The painting occupied seven months time, and the last descendant of the family, for whom it was originally painted in Holland, was lately obliged to dispose of it.

The picture was secretly moved to a port on the Baltic, when it was shipped for England. Since it has been in Mr. Christre's rooms, Sir Francis Baring offered 4000 guineas for it ; but it was finally knocked down at 5000. As a painting, it has never been excelled. There is a kind of magic effect produced by its colour, after which we search in vain among the known principles and common practices of art. A magnificence, a splendor and brilliancy, are united with a delicacy, freshness and transparency, which has never been rivalled —and whilst every thing that the pallet could supply has been tributary to the artist's hand, the whole has been so skilfully subdued, and kept down to its proper tone and just harmony, that nothing has been left predominant, or decided, or gaudy. By the most happy union and contrast, a regularity of effect has been diffused over the whole ; and whilst the most powerful colours, which belong to the Gula, and the Triumph, have been employed, the genius of the painter has enabled him, by opposition and contrast, to make the grand effect of his composition fall under that class which comprehends the sober, the solemn and the sublime.

The following is a list of the principal pictures, and the prices at which they were knocked down.

	Guineas.
Sea Piece, Rembrandt,	470
Neputue's Grotto,	410
St. Jerome, L. Da Vinci,	546
Landscape, Evening, Claude,	1800
Le Moutin Favori, Corregio,	800
Virgin and Child, Corregio,	3000
Woman taken in adultery, Rembrandt.	5000

Some experiments have been made at Hudson's bay, with frozen quicksilver. It can be beaten into leaves as thin as paper, with a hammer and anvil of the same temperature as quicksilver.

On plunging a mass of frozen quicksilver into a glass of warm water, the latter was immediately frozen, the glass was shivered into atoms, and the quicksilver again became fluid.

The battle of Madia, painted by Loutherboug, taken from drawings made on the spot by Captain Pierpont, is to be engraved by A. Cardon.

There is no imaginable subject on which books are not written in Germany.

Mr. Meiners has lately published a history of the *principal* insurrections in the different *universities* of *Europe*.

Hungarian literature continues to be cultivated with great assiduity, and several translations of foreign works into that language have been published. A Hungarian theatre has also been established, the pieces represented have been translations from the German.

Miss Plumptre, is translating a history of Germany, by the late M. I. Schmidt, keeper of the imperial archives of Vienna.

A Life Boat improved in Denmark by Capt. *Salling*, has been sent to Petersburg, and it is intended to construct several on the same model in the Russian Ports.

DOMESTIC.

C. and A. Conrad and Co. Philadelphia have in press The American Register, first Volume, to be continued semi annually.—The Modern Ship of Fools.—A new improved edition of Modern Chivalry, or the Adventures of Teague O'Regan. 2 Vols. and The Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Part second of Volume sixth.

Isaiah Thomas Junr. of Worcester has published An Essay on the Life of George Washington, by A. Bancroft, one volume.

Belcher and Armstrong, have just republished the poems of Shakespeare, one volume, price one dollar; also a new Novel, by the late W. H. Brown, of Boston, intitled, Ira and Isabella, or the Natural Children, price 63 cents. They have in press, nearly finished, the second Volume of the Miseries of Human Life—and have issued proposals for reprinting the Works of Thomas Chatterton.

Russell and Cutler, have in press a Collection of Delicate and Amatory Songs.

W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, has issued proposals to publish the works of the Rev. J. Hervey, complete in 6 vols.—and Buck's miscellaneous works in 3 vols.

There will soon be published in Philadelphia, by C. and A. Conrad and Co. a new and interesting work intitled, *The Columbiad*, a poem in 10 books, by Joel Barlow.

Oliver and Munroe have issued proposals for publishing the Pleasures of Human Life, in one Volume, 250 pages, price 75 cents.

Samuel Wood, New York, proposes to publish An Abridgment of the Book of Martyrs, 1 Volume.

NOTICE.

Our last paper merely announced the intention of Mr. Lemuel Blake to publish in a splendid edition the works of Shakespeare, in 21 volumes. As this is an undertaking of great literary magnitude, and will add another wreath to the garland of American typography, we cannot but express our sincere wishes for its complete success, and our hopes that it may be generously encouraged. To those admirers of Shakespeare who are desirous of collecting every fact that may elucidate the difficulties of his style, every note that will illuminate the darkness of the age in which he lived, and every anecdote that will render them more intimately acquainted with his personal character, we recommend the present edition. It is the peculiar and honourable characteristic of the present age to evince respect for the memory of Shakespeare, by multiplying impressions of his works. Americans, while they appreciate his excellencies, should not be the last to encourage such plans as will afford the best evidence of their attachment to them.

POETRY.

DEATH OF FOX.

Richard Payne Knight, the distinguished author of the "Essay on Taste," has written a "Monody on the Death of Fox," which contains poetry, sentiment, and genius. The lines which follow, are offered as a specimen of his manner.

ALIKE all ages, nations, states and climes,
Abound in talents fit for common times;
Pageants of office, who with starch grimace
Display the garb of sense in pomp of face;
Who, wise in forms, to forms alone attend;
And, busy in the means, neglect the end;
Who, in their little circle's narrow bound,
Think they move forward, while they're moving round:
And, dreading innovation, still pursue
The beaten track, when all around is new.
Idols of court, and puppets of debate,
Awhile they deck the pantomime of state;
Like bubbles float upon the tide of power,
And shine the glittering meteors of an hour.
But genius, choicest gift of favouring Heaven,
Once in a thousand years is scarcely given:
Pure mental essence of celestial birth,
It rarely mixes with the dross of earth,
To show creation on a nobler plan,
And give the world heaven's model of a man.
Before it Science, Art, and Learning bend;
Through all at once its radiant lights extend;
Scorning the aids which humbler minds require,
It mounts spontaneous in electric fire;
Intuitively pierces each disguise,
And drags to light each truth that hidden lies;
In native energy serenely strong,
Pours the full tide of eloquence along;
Prepared alike in every mode to shine,
To guide a senate or to point a line;
Empires to rule, and armies to direct,
Or metaphysic fallacies detect;
Aloft to soar on fancy's eagle wing,
Or drive self-taught in learning's deepest spring,
Gilding its tract with wisdoms's purest ray;
Th' ethereal light of intellectual day.
Such light was thine, O Fox! in thee alone
With undiminish'd splendor still it shone
From earliest youth, till life's expiring flame
Reluctantly forsook thy wasted frame,
Superior still to all—and e'en in death
Its brightness glimmer'd in thy parting breath:
In life's last ebb the Statesman's wisdom flow'd;
In thought's last gleam the Patriot's vigour glow'd;
Nor pain nor terror mov'd his steady mind;
The pain HE felt was pity for mankind.
Above each trick of art His genius tower'd,
And intellect's full tide spontaneous pour'd;
To embellish truth with unforc'd effort sought;
With observation just and vigorous thought;
With sense profound, in richest fancy drest;
With learning's stores, in purest taste exprest;
Deep and yet clear its copious currents roll'd
Their amber waves o'er beds of native gold.

The following extract from "The Feast in Gallilee," in humble imitation of "Elijah's Mantle," possesses wit. The thought of comparing some recent ministerial changes, to a *feast* given by the King, is well conceived, and the scramble for the *good things* is not badly described.

Full many a doughty Knight and Lord
Rush'd hungry to th' attractive board,
And each secur'd a place;
Each fix'd his eyes with anxious wish
On some long-sought for fav'rite dish,
And almost curst the grace.
Lo! PERCIVAL! has ta'en his seat!
And carv'd from off the royal treat
A *modest double share*;
Casts, reptile like, his wig and gown,
And leaving briefless *law renown*,
Figures a *Financier*.
Still vacant stands the *Premier's* chair,
Not even CANNING ventures there,
The feast must not proceed.
The modest guests the seat decline,
But fly to search the PORTLAND *mine*,
To serve their *Master's* need.
By sculptor's art, lo! soon complete
A PORTLAND *Statue* for the seat!
PITT's mantle round it thrown
The Courtiers, pointing to their head,
Exclaim, Oh! Lord, thou gav'st us bread
We give to thee a *Stone*.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
BY DAVID CARLISLE, *No. 5, Court Street.*